TERROR TALES THE NIGHT!

ON SALE EVERY MONTH!

Astonishing

ATLAS
APRIL
NO. 24
10¢

"THE STONE FACE!"

"ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN!"

YOU'RE NEXT!

D.D.S.

TERROR TALES OF THE NIGHT!

ON SALE EVERY MONTH!

Astonishing

APRIL No. 24 10¢

RUN THE BEST "SHOE STORE BUSINESS" IN YOUR TOWN!

Not Just Shoes... But SPECIAL KINDS OF SHOES!

BIG FULL OR SPARE TIME PROFITS! SATISFY CUSTOMERS MOST STORES ARE NOT ABLE TO TAKE CARE OF!

HERE'S THE BUSINESS YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED! YEAR 'ROUND—REPEAT ORDERS FROM FRIENDS, NEIGHBORS, EVERYBODY — STEADY PROFITS — UNLIMITED PROSPECTS — A QUALITY PRODUCT THAT'S NATIONALLY KNOWN! Start full or spare time with a "shoe store business" in your pocket. No expense of overhead, lights, etc. . . . your big profit is ALL YOURS!

We set you up in this fine business FREE. See how easy it is to make BIG MONEY with Mason's new "Wonder Line" of shoes for men and women. Wonderful styles, extra-comfort features; amazing range of sizes and widths. You feature over 150 styles of dress, sport and work shoes. Sizes from 5 to 16, widths AAAA to EEEE. No wonder no shoe store in your town can compete with you!

Make hundreds of *extra* dollars every month by selling *specially designed* Mason air-cushioned service shoes to filling station attendants, garage men, postmen, truck drivers, grocers, other people who work in stores, offices, industries. Watch your customer list grow—see how easy it is to earn exciting cash profits when customers RE-ORDER from you.

STEEL SAFETY TOE SHOES!
The last word in foot safety! You feature Steel Safety Toe shoes in many good-looking styles. Workers want to save feet from injury. Safety Toe shoes help do the job — put EXTRA dollars into your bank account!

OUTSTANDING LEATHERS!
Imported Australian Kangaroo Leather, Calfskin—Lustrous Shell Cordovan—Rugged Horsehide — actual shoe samples of these fine quality leathers furnished FREE to qualified men!

NEOPRENE and GRO-CORK SOLES and HEELS!
Work shoes have special features for different occupations. Oil-Resistant Du-Pont Neoprene soles, heels, Gro-Cork Slip-Resistant soles, heels wanted by service station men, garage men, factory workers, thousands in other occupations—help make shoes so fast-selling!

AIR-CUSHION COMFORT!
Foamy-soft Air-Cushion innersole cushions feet on thousands of air bubbles. Customers rave about comfort of "walking on air"! You get actual Air-Cushion *demonstrator*. Just say "Feel that Cushion." When customers do—they buy!

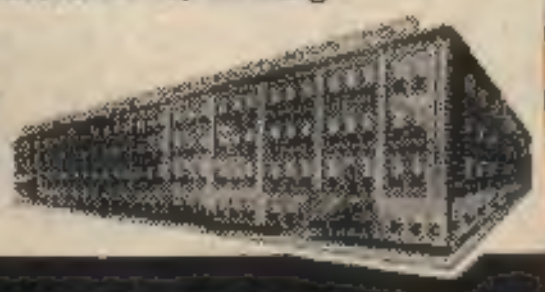
EXCLUSIVE FEATURES SELL MASON SHOES QUICKLY FOR YOU!

Mason Shoes are nationally known for extra comfort features. Just hand prospects your Cut-away 10-second Air Cushion Demonstrator. When they feel the foamy-soft, heel-to-toe Velvet-eez Air Cushion they realize how wonderfully comfortable it is to "Walk on air!" Then point out the sturdy steel shank for extra strength, plus special Air Cushion Arch Support. Mason Velvet-eez shoes are the *only* footwear sold direct that bears the famed Good Housekeeping Guarantee Seal. Because these fine shoes are NOT sold in stores, people must buy from YOU!

WE START YOU ON THE WAY TO EXCITING PROFITS FREE!

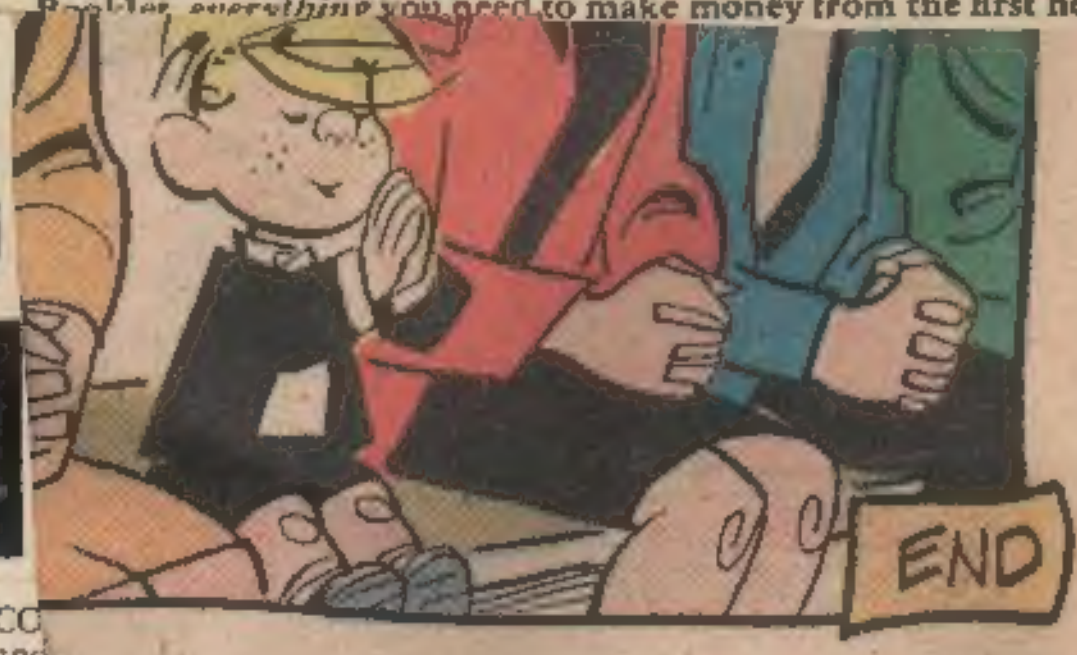
No need to invest a cent, ever. We send you out Powerful Selling Outfit that has proved to be a real money-maker for so many thousands of men—absolutely FREE! We back you up with National Advertising, proved Sales Aids, even MORE, as soon as you show us you are really interested in making BIG MONEY.

"TERRIFIC INCOME!"
Edward McCarty of Illinois says: "The day I started to sell Mason Velvet-eez shoes was the luckiest day of my life! My income now is simply terrific!"



SEND TODAY . . . Start Your Own Profitable Business RIGHT AWAY!

DO YOU want to make steady EXTRA money? Do you want *real security?* Do you want to be able to afford the things you've always only dreamed about? — then send this coupon TODAY! We will rush your powerful Free Selling Outfit that features over 150 fast-selling Mason Shoe styles for men and women — Air-Cushion Demonstrator, How-To-Make-Money Booklet, *everything* you need to make money from the first hour!



MASON SHOE MFG. CO.
CHIPPEWA FALLS, WISC.
DEPT. MA-44

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ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN!

Mr. Frank Hoffman
Chicago, Ill.

Dr. Carlton Isaacs
Methodist Hospital
Los Angeles, Calif.

DiPRETA

THE EDITORS GUARANTEE THAT THIS IS ONE OF THE MOST **ASTONISHING** STORIES YOU'VE EVER READ!

A SUDDEN SCREAM... A THUDDING IMPACT, AND THE MAN WHO WAS MOUNTING THE STEPS OF THE POST OFFICE LAY DEAD...

I SAW IT!... IT WAS HORRIBLE!

HE WAS MOUNTING THE STEPS TOWARD ME AS I WAS LEAVING THE POST OFFICE! THAT PIECE OF FRIEZE HIT HIM SQUARE!

THEY CLEANED THAT FRIEZE LAST WEEK... MUST'VE LOOSENED SOME OF THE MORTAR! FUNNY KIND OF AN ACCIDENT... BUT... ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN!

THEY CARRIED THE BODY AWAY, AND AS THE MORGUE TRUCK PULLED OUT FROM THE CURB, KEITH CASTLE FOUND THE ENVELOPE IN THE BLOOD ON THE STEPS...

HEY...WAIT A MINUTE! THIS ENVELOPE...! NUTS, THEY DON'T HEAR ME...THAT MEANS I'LL HAVE TO TAKE A TRIP DOWN TO THE POLICE STATION WITH IT!

KEITH LOOKED AT THE LETTER...

STRANGE THING! WHY SHOULD THAT PARTICULAR MAN BE ON THE EXACT SPOT ON THE STEPS WHERE THAT STONE WOULD FALL AND KILL HIM? WHY DIDN'T IT FALL HARMLESSLY ON THIS EXPANSE OF STEPS...OR HIT SOMEONE ELSE? WHY DID IT HAPPEN TO KILL MR. GEORGE FANE? I WONDER...!

KEITH CASTLE WAS A WRITER, AND THE IMAGINATION AND CURIOSITY WHICH WERE A PART OF HIS TRADE, NAGGED AT HIM...

MAYBE THERE'S A STORY IN THIS...SOMETHING THAT HAS TO DO WITH FATE MARKING A MAN TO DIE AT A CERTAIN TIME, OR IN A CERTAIN PLACE!

I'LL TRACE THIS MAN'S LIFE, BACKWARD, FROM THE TIME HE DIED, IF I CAN! PERHAPS I'LL FIND THE REASON WHY GEORE FANE WAS ON THE STEPS OF THE POST OFFICE AT THE PRECISE SECOND THAT STONE FELL DOWN...

KEITH WALKED THROUGH THE RAIN TO THE ADDRESS ON THE ENVELOPE...A FEW SHORT BLOCKS AWAY!

THIS IS IT! I'LL ASK THE LANDLADY ABOUT FANE! I'LL PRETEND I'M A RELATIVE OR SOMETHING...

I'M LOOKING FOR GEORGE FANE! I'M HIS...ER...BROTHER!

AIN'T IN! WENT OUT A WHILE AGO! COME BACK LATER!

I'D RATHER WAIT FOR HIM IF YOU DON'T MIND!

DO MIND! WISH HE'D GET OUT ANYWAY!

DOESN'T HE PAY HIS RENT?

TAIN'T THAT! IT'S JUST THAT HE'S SORTA QUEER! AIN'T THAT RIGHT, PAW?....

THAT■ FOR SURE!

PUT SPECIAL LOCKS ON HIS DOOR... WON'T EVEN LET A BODY IN TO CLEAN THE ROOM! HARDLY EVER LEAVES THE ROOM HISSELF ...NIGHT OR DAY!

ONE DAY HE SAW ME CHOPPIN' WOOD OUT BACK! GRABBED THE AXE AWAY FROM ME...SHOVED ME ASIDE, YELLIN' "STOP! STOP!" THEN RAN IN GOBBIN' WITH HANDS OVER HIS EARS! QUEER CUSS, THAT ONE!

LOOK, I'D LIKE TO WAIT IN HIS ROOM FOR HIM...!

LIKE I SAID, HE DON'T LET ANYONE GO NEAR HIS ROOM...

PERHAPS THIS WILL HELP TOO...

SHOW THE MAN THE ROOM, WOMAN!

WELL, SEEIN' AS HOW YOU'RE HIS BROTHER... BUT IF THOSE OTHER LOCKS'RE ON, MY KEY WON'T DO NO GOOD...

NEVER KNOWED HIM TO LEAVE THOSE OTHER LOCKS OFF BEFORE! HE MUST'VE BEEN IN A HURRY TO GO SOMEPLACE TONIGHT...

THANKS! I'LL JUST MAKE MYSELF COMFORTABLE AND WAIT!

THE ROOM SEEMED ORDINARY ENOUGH...THE ROOM OF A MAN LIVING ALONE...EXCEPT FOR THE PILES OF BOOKS AND MAGAZINES...

SCIENTIFIC MAGAZINES...ALL COUNTRIES, ALL LANGUAGES. FANG MUST'VE BEEN A LEARNED MAN... BUT WHAT WAS HE DOING IN A DUMP LIKE THIS?

THESE BOOKS... PRETTY DEEP STUFF... OOOPS, THE STACK IS FALLING.....

WHAT'S THAT? SOME KIND OF BOX! IT WAS HIDDEN BEHIND THE BOOKS! FANE PROBABLY THOUGHT THAT ANYONE IN THIS HOUSE WHO GOT INTO HIS ROOM WOULDN'T BOTHER WITH THAT TYPE OF BOOK SO THIS WAS A PERFECT HIDING PLACE!

KEITH TOOK THE BOX TO THE CENTER TABLE AND OPENED IT!

LOOKS LIKE A TAPE RECORDER! WHAT'S THIS? A PORTFOLIO OF NOTES! PERHAPS I CAN GET SOME DOPE FROM THIS! I'LL PUT ON THE EARPHONES AND SEE IF THERE'S ANYTHING ON THE RECORDER WHILE I'M READING THE NOTES!

HE ADJUSTED THE EARPHONES, AND SET THE MACHINE IN MOTION! IT SEEMED TO BE BLANK, BUT THE NOTES WERE INTRIGUING...

CRIPES, THIS GEORGE FANE WAS A CRAZY MAN! PROBABLY A SCIENTIST WHO WENT OFF HIS ROCKER! HE'S BEEN WORKING ON A THEORY THAT INANIMATE MATERIAL SUCH AS WOOD, STONE, IRON ARE REALLY LIVING ENTITIES, WITH HIGHLY DEVELOPED FEELINGS AND INTELLIGENCES...

HE BEGAN TO READ ALOUD IN HIS AMAZEMENT...

.TODAY I HAVE FINISHED THE MACHINE ...THE MACHINE THAT WILL, I AM CERTAIN, RECORD THE THOUGHTS OF INANIMATE OBJECTS, AND TRANSLATE THEM INTO SOUND WAVES WHICH WE CAN UNDERSTAND..

THAT MANUSCRIPT CAME TO A HALT! THEN, WRITTEN HASTILY, AND WITH AN AGITATED HAND, KEITH READ A SCRIBBLED NOTE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PAGE...

IT WORKED! I HEARD THEM... HEARD THE VOICES OF THE THINGS AROUND ME THAT HAVE BEEN CALLED BY MANKIND, INANIMATE AND LIFELESS! THEY ARE EVIL, INCREDIBLY EVIL, WAITING UNTIL MANKIND ANNIHILATES HIMSELF WITH HIS OWN FOLLIES, THEN THEY... THE TREES AND ROCKS, AND MINERALS, AND ALL THE OTHER SO-CALLED DEAD THINGS, WILL TAKE OVER THE EARTH AGAIN AS THEY DID BEFORE THE COMING OF THE NEW LIFE ORGANISM THAT EVOLVED INTO MAN...

OH, BROTHER, THIS GUY WAS REALLY NUTS... HEARING VOICES...

THEN KEITH STRUCK THE MATCH HE WAS HOLDING, ALONG THE TABLE TOP...

OOHHHHH!!

WHAT TH..?

R-R-R-PP..

HOW LONG CAN WE ENDURE THE CRUELTIES OF THESE MOVING BEASTS?

THE TABLE, I SCRATCHED THE MATCH ON IT! NO...IT CAN'T BE TRUE! THIS IS IDIOTIC... SOME KIND OF GAG...

IT'S PROBABLY KEYED TO SOMETHING IN THIS ROOM! I'LL TAKE IT OUTSIDE AND SEE HOW IT WORKS! I'LL SNEAK OUT THE BACK WAY SO THAT WOMAN AND HER HUSBAND WON'T SEE ME...

HE CARRIED THE RECORDING BOX DOWN THE BACKSTAIRS AND INTO THE DARKNESS OF THE YARD BEHIND THE HOUSE...

NOW I'LL PROVE THIS THING IS A FAKE!!

HE WALKED TOWARD THE AXE...HIS FEET CRUSHING THE MATTED GRASS AND WILD-FLOWERS...AND THE BOX SPOKE AGAIN...!

OHHHH! HE IS CRUSHING US WITH HIS CLUMSY FEET ...KILLING US....

THE GRASS...THE FLOWERS...NO, I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

NOW WE'LL SEE...

ARRGGHHH! HE'S DELIBERATELY TORTURING US, AS THE OTHER ONE DID.....

SWEAT POURED DOWN HIS FACE, THE ICY COMPANION OF FEAR! HE LASHED OUT AT THE TREE IN A FRENZY...WANTING TO DISBELIEVE, BUT KNOWING THAT HE COULDN'T ANYMORE...

IT CAN'T BE TRUE... IT CAN'T BE TRUE...

OWWWHH! HE'S CUT ME! HE KNOWS AS THE OTHER ONE DID! HE HEARS, AND HE KNOWS....!

HE STOOD IN THE NIGHT, EXHAUSTED BY HIS EMOTIONS, BY FEAR OF THE INCREDIBLE! HE MUST DO SOMETHING... TELL SOME ONE! BUT WHAT COULD HE DO? WHO COULD HE TELL? WHO WOULD BELIEVE HIS FANTASTIC STORY?

THE LETTER FANE DROPPED...ADDRESSED TO DR. CARLETON ISAACS!

HE LIT A MATCH WITH TREMBLING HANDS, CUPPED IT AGAINST THE WIND AND RAIN, AND READ...

Dear Carl,

Come here at once. The experiments we started together, I have completed. I heard the voices of moveless things. I'm not sure, but I think they know and I'm afraid they will in some fashion of their own, kill me to keep the world from knowing their secret.

Come quickly!

George

I'LL HIDE THE BOX HERE, THEN GO TO THE POST OFFICE AND WRITE A LETTER TO THIS DR. ISAACS! IF HE HAD A PHONE, FANE WOULD'VE CALLED HIM, SO I GUESS A LETTER IS THE ONLY WAY TO REACH HIM! HE'S PROBABLY THE ONLY MAN IN THE WORLD WHO WILL UNDERSTAND AND HELP....

KEITH SCALED THE BACKYARD FENCE, STARTED DOWN AN ALLEY, WHEN HE HEARD THE SPLINTERING CRASH BEHIND HIM...

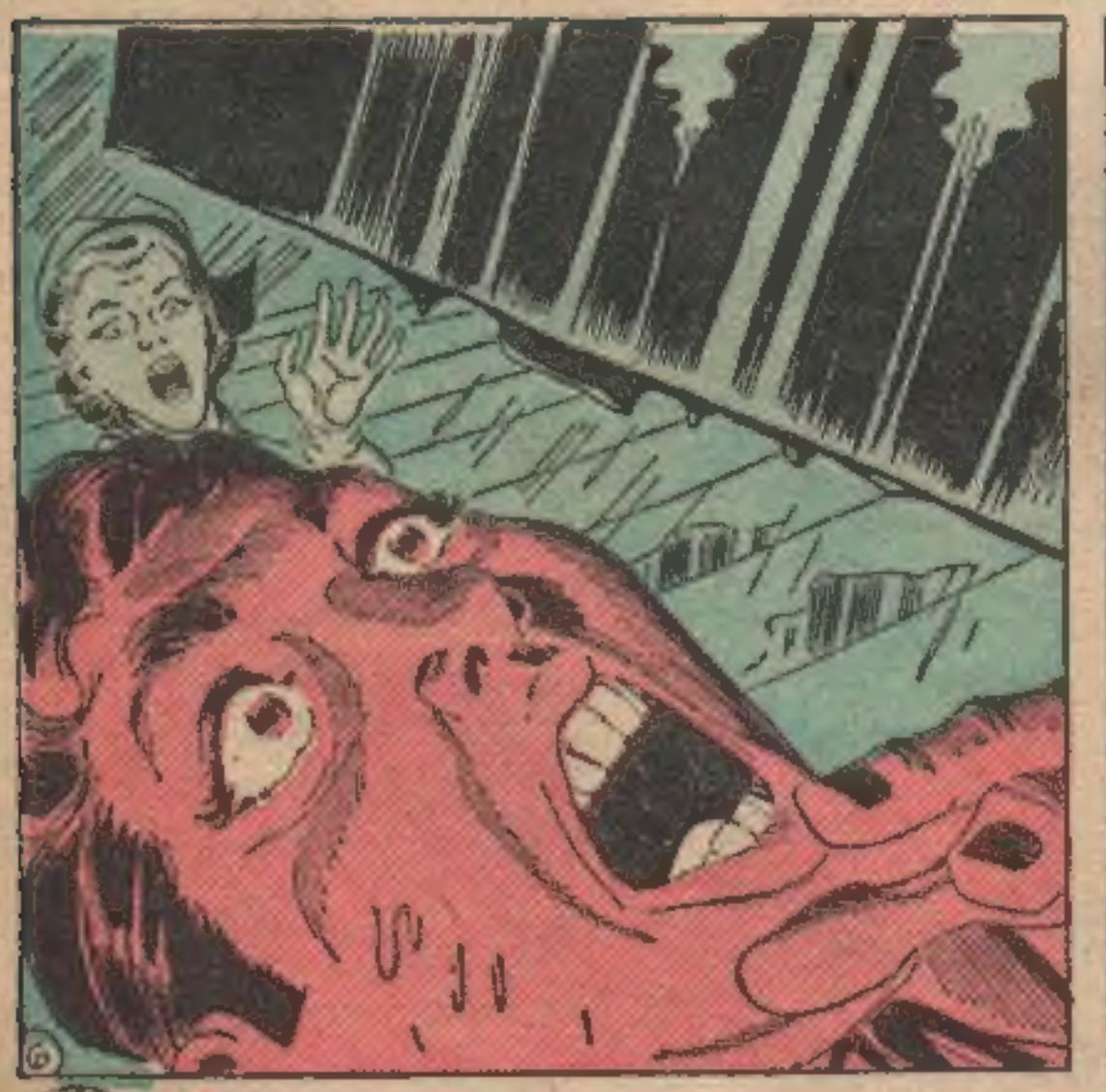
IT'S FALLING ONTO THE RECORDING BOX...SMASHING IT! THEY KNOW...THE... THE MOVELESS THINGS KNOW....

CRASH

THERE WAS AN URGENCY THAT DROVE HIM THROUGH THE NIGHT TOWARD THE LIGHTS OF THE POST OFFICE...

I'LL SEND THE LETTER BY AIRMAIL! I'LL BE CAREFUL UNTIL DR. ISAACS GETS HERE.

EEEEIIII!!



A PIECE OF STONE FROM THE FRIEZE...!

FUNNY, THAT THIS GUY SHOULD BE JUST AT THE RIGHT SPOT, AT THE RIGHT TIME TO BE HIT BY THAT FALLING STONE...

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN!

THE END

ATLAS DON'T MISS "MENACE!" THE NEWEST, MOST UNUSUAL MAGAZINE EVER PRINTED! ATLAS

IF IT SLIPS... IF IT CHAFES... IF IT GRIPES... THEN

THROW AWAY THAT TRUSS!

Why put up with days . . . months . . . YEARS of discomfort, worry, and fear—if we provide you with the support you want and need? Learn NOW about this perfected truss-invention for most forms of reducible rupture. Surely you keenly desire . . . you eagerly CRAVE to enjoy most of life's activities and pleasures once again. To work . . . to play . . . to live . . . to love . . . with the haunting fear of Rupture lessened in your thoughts! Literally *thousands* of Rupture sufferers *have* entered this *Kingdom of Paradise Regained* . . . have worn our Appliance without the slightest inconvenience. Perhaps we can do as much for you. Some wise man said, "Nothing is impossible in this world"—and it is true, for where other trusses have failed' is where we have had our greatest success in many cases! Even doctors—thousands of them—have ordered for themselves and their patients. Unless your case is absolutely hopeless *do not despair.* The coupon below brings our Free Rupture Book in plain envelope. Send the coupon now.

Patented AIR-CUSHION Support Gives *Wonderful Protection*

Think of it! Here's a surprising yet simple-acting invention that helps Nature support the weakened muscles gently but securely, day and night. Thousands of grateful letters express heartfelt thanks for relief from pain and worry,—results beyond the expectations of the writers. What is this invention—how does it work? Will it help me? Get the complete, fascinating facts on the Brooks Air-Cushion Appliance—send now for *free* Rupture Book.

Cheap—Sanitary—Comfortable

Rich or poor—ANYONE can afford to buy this remarkable, LOW-PRICED rupture invention! But look out for imitations and counterfeits. The Genuine Brooks Air-Cushion Truss is never sold in stores or by agents. Your Brooks is made up, after your order is received, to fit your particular case. You buy direct at the low "maker-to-user" price. The perfected Brooks is sanitary, lightweight, inconspicuous. Has no hard pads to gouge painfully into the flesh, no stiff, punishing springs, no metal girdle to rust or corrode. It is GUARANTEED to bring you heavenly comfort and security,—or it costs you NOTHING. The Air-Cushion works in its own unique way, softly, silently helping Nature support the weakened muscles. Learn what this marvelous invention may mean to you—send coupon quick!

C. E. BROOKS, Inventor

SENT on TRIAL!

No . . . don't order a Brooks now—FIRST get the complete, revealing explanation of this world-famous rupture invention, THEN decide whether you want to try for the comfort—the wonderful degree of freedom—the security—the blessed relief thousands of men, women and children have reported. They found the answer to their prayers! And you risk nothing as the complete Brooks is SENT ON TRIAL. Surely you owe it to yourself to investigate this no-risk trial. Send for the facts now—today—hurry! All correspondence strictly confidential.

FREE! Latest Rupture Book Explains All!

SENT YOU IN PLAIN ENVELOPE **JUST CLIP and SEND COUPON** ➡

Brooks Appliance Co., 355 State St., Marshall, Mich.

PROOF!

(In our files we have over 52,000 grateful letters like these)

THANKS FROM HAPPY FATHER

"I want to *thank* you very much for what your *wonderful* belt has done for my boy. He had a bad rupture. The very day we received the Appliance I put it on and that was the end of my troubles with his pain and crying. He has not worn it for about a year now."—Otto F. Blinn, 1500 N. Church, Belleville, Ill.

SOFT BALL PLAYER A BROOKS BOOSTER

"I ordered an Appliance some time back and it really does the job. I'm 38 years old, weight 200 lbs. Play 3rd base on our Soft Ball team. I really give the belt a real test. Thought I would have to give up my ball playing but not now with your rupture belt. Most people won't believe I have a rupture."—Wilbur Morris, General Mdse., Jacob, Ill.

"IT'S TOPS"

"Words cannot express my feeling towards my Appliance. The minute I put it on, my first words were, 'It's Tops!' I hope another who suffers from such agony of a rupture could take my advice and get a Brooks Air Cushion Appliance."—Jack Sonnier, R1, Box 54A, Lafayette, La.

"DID EVERYTHING YOU CLAIMED"

"I am very happy to say that the truss which I purchased from you a little over a year ago did everything you claimed it would do. My rupture does not come down even though I wear the truss only part time. I shall be glad to tell anyone afflicted as I was what your Appliance did for me."—J. G. Rollinger, 242 Arlington Ave., Sarasota, Fla.

"FORGETS HE IS RUPTURED"

"I had this rupture seven years before I knew of your support, and was in the hospital at the time my son ordered the support for me. Until I started wearing your support I had not found anything to help me. Since wearing your support I can do all my work, and can forget that I am ruptured."—G. B. Russell, Box 106, Cherokee, Ala.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO.
355 State St., Marshall, Mich.

Without obligation, please send your FREE BOOK on Rupture, PROOF of Results, and TRIAL OFFER—all in plain envelope.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

State whether for Man ☐ Woman ☐ or Child ☐

POOR WILBUR!

WILBUR BINKLE WAS PROBABLY THE WORLD'S WORST INVENTOR! EVERYTHING HE INVENTED WENT WRONG! FOR EXAMPLE...

WHAT HAPPENED TO THIS POOR FELLOW?

HE JUST TESTED WILBUR BINKLE'S NEW BULLETPROOF VEST!

FUNNY, THE VEST WORKED WHEN I SHOT AT IT BEFORE!

NATURALLY! *YOU* WERE USING *BLANKS!*

THE EDITORS GUARANTEE THAT THIS IS ONE OF THE MOST **ASTONISHING** STORIES YOU'VE EVER READ!

Stan Lee
JOHN ROMITA

THE ONLY THING YOU EVER INVENTED THAT WAS ANY GOOD WAS THAT NEW SUBMARINE OF YOURS!

IT WASN'T *SUPPOSED* TO BE A SUBMARINE... IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A SINK-PROOF BOAT... BUT IT SANK!

WILBUR RETURNED TO HIS LABORATORY, MORE DETERMINED THAN EVER TO MAKE THE WORLD SIT UP AND TAKE NOTICE!

LET'S SEE... WHAT DO PEOPLE REALLY *NEED*?

WHAT WOULD EVERYBODY WANT TO HAVE?

I'VE GOT IT!

WHY DIDN'T ANYBODY EVER THINK OF THIS BEFORE?

IT'S JUST WHAT THE WHOLE WORLD NEEDS!

AFTER I MAKE THE FIRST ONE, I'LL BUILD A FACTORY TO MANUFACTURE *MILLIONS* OF THEM!

AFTER DAYS AND NIGHTS OF THINKING, AND PLANNING, AND WORKING...WILBUR'S MASTERPIECE WAS FINISHED!

THERE IT IS! THE BINKLE ROBOT! THE PERFECT SERVANT!

I'VE GOT TO CALL PENELOPE TO COME OVER RIGHT AWAY, AND SEE IT!

PENELOPE... THIS IS WILBUR!

SORRY.. NOBODY'S HOME!

WAIT! DON'T HANG UP! I'VE GOT AN INVENTION WORTH A MILLION DOLLARS!

A *MILLON* DOLLARS! I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!

WILBUR, *DAR-LING!* I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU! WHERE IS THE MILLION DOLLARS!

I DON'T HAVE IT YET! BUT LOOK AT MY INVENTION! ISN'T IT A DREAM?

IT'S A *NIGHTMARE!* WHAT *IS* IT?

IT'S THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECT ROBOT! IT'LL DO *ANYTHING!* WATCH!

HANG UP PENELOPE'S COAT!

CL...ICK...

IT'S COMING TOWARD ME!

YOU SHOULD HAVE TAKEN PENELOPE *OUT FIRST!*

SOME INVENTION!

WAIT! YOU HAVEN'T SEEN *ANYTHING,* YET! *TIDY UP THIS ROOM...*

CL...ICK!

SEE!

WOW! WHAT A *MAID* IT WOULD MAKE!

THERE! ALL FINISHED! NOW GO INSIDE AND COOK DINNER!

CL...ICK!

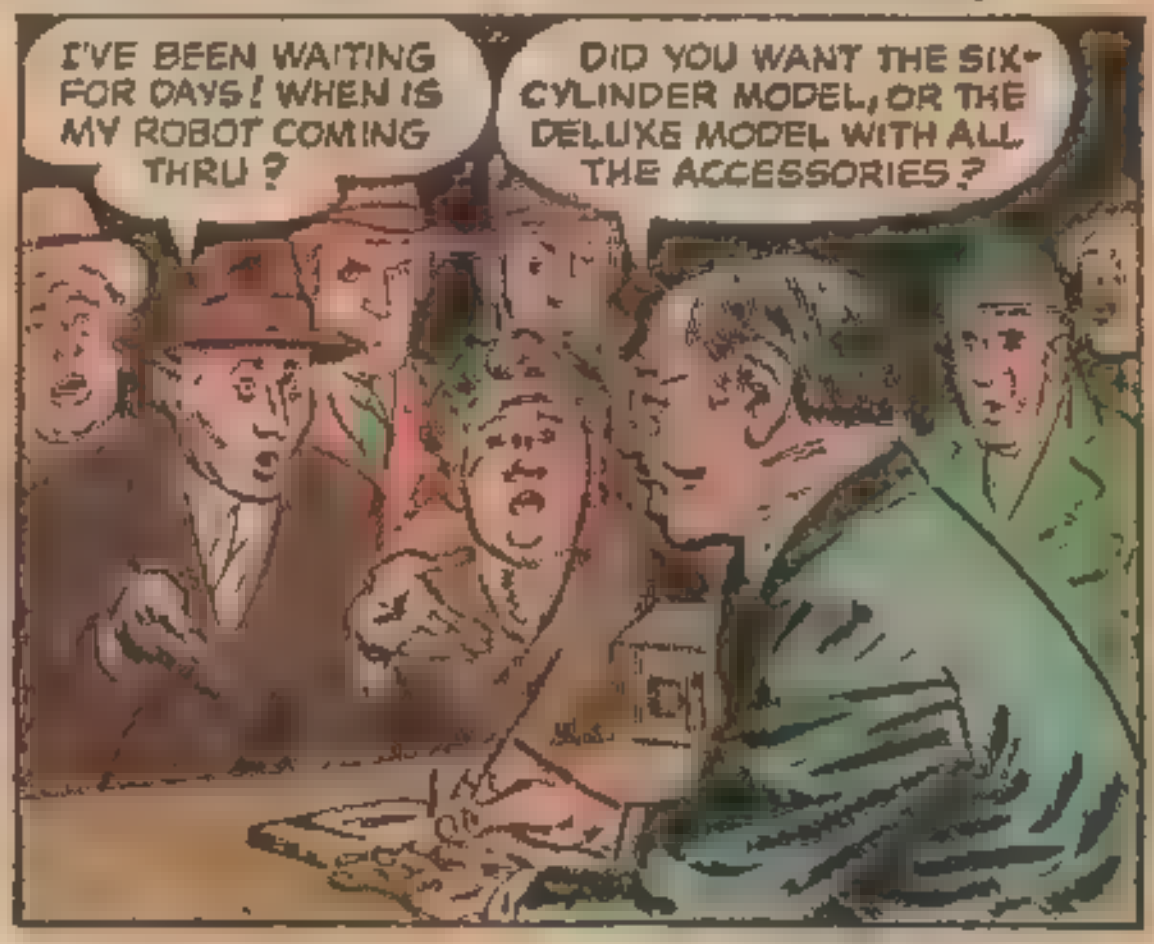
IT'S WONDERFUL! BUT IS IT HARD TO FIX IF IT BREAKS?

THAT'S THE BEAUTY OF IT! IT *CAN'T* BREAK! IT'S ABSOLUTELY INDESTRUCTIBLE! AN ATOM BOMB CAN'T HURT IT! AND IT NEVER NEEDS A DOCTOR! IT JUST KEEPS WORKING FOREVER!

WIL-BUR, MY LITTLE GENIUS! IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE FINALLY INVENTED SOMETHING GOOD!

LESS TIME THAT IT TAKES TO TELL WILBUR HAD SOLD HIS ROBOT INVENTION TO ONE OF THE NATION'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS... AND A SPECIAL FACTORY WAS BUILT TO HANDLE THE DEMAND FOR ROBOTS...

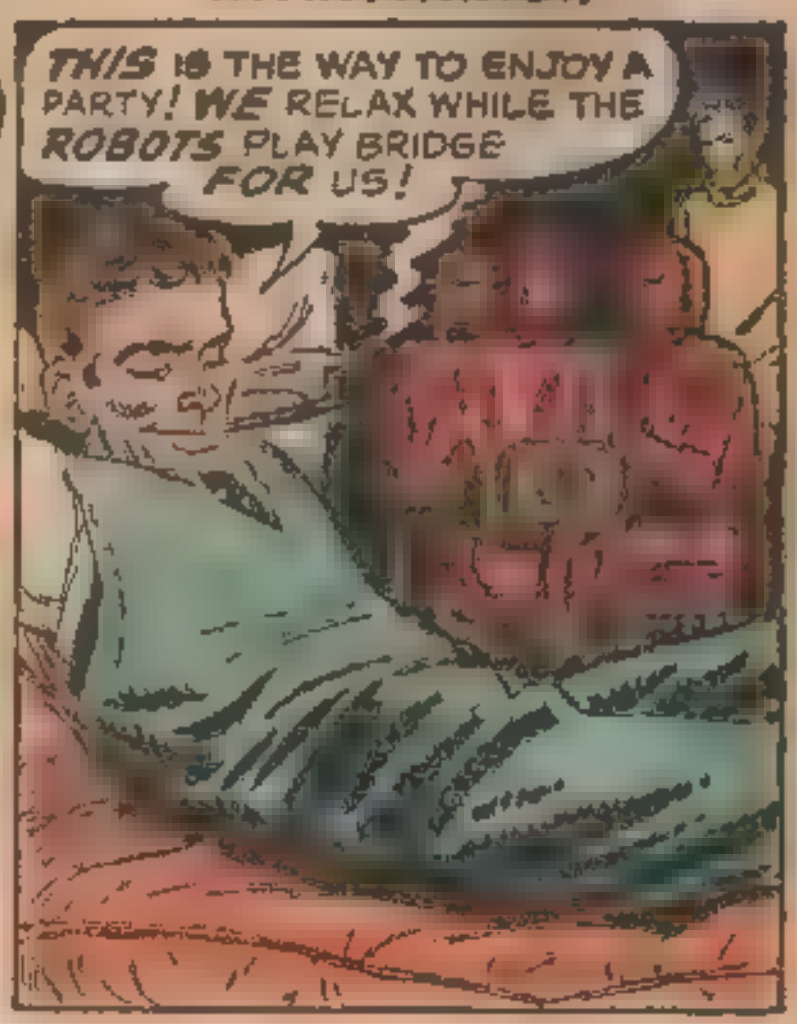
EVERYONE WANTED A BINKLE ROBOT! AFTER ALL... A PERSON WITH A BINKLE ROBOT NEVER HAD TO WORK AGAIN! THE ROBOT COULD DO ***EVERYTHING!***


I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR DAYS! WHEN IS MY ROBOT COMING THRU?
DID YOU WANT THE SIX-CYLINDER MODEL, OR THE DELUXE MODEL WITH ALL THE ACCESSORIES?

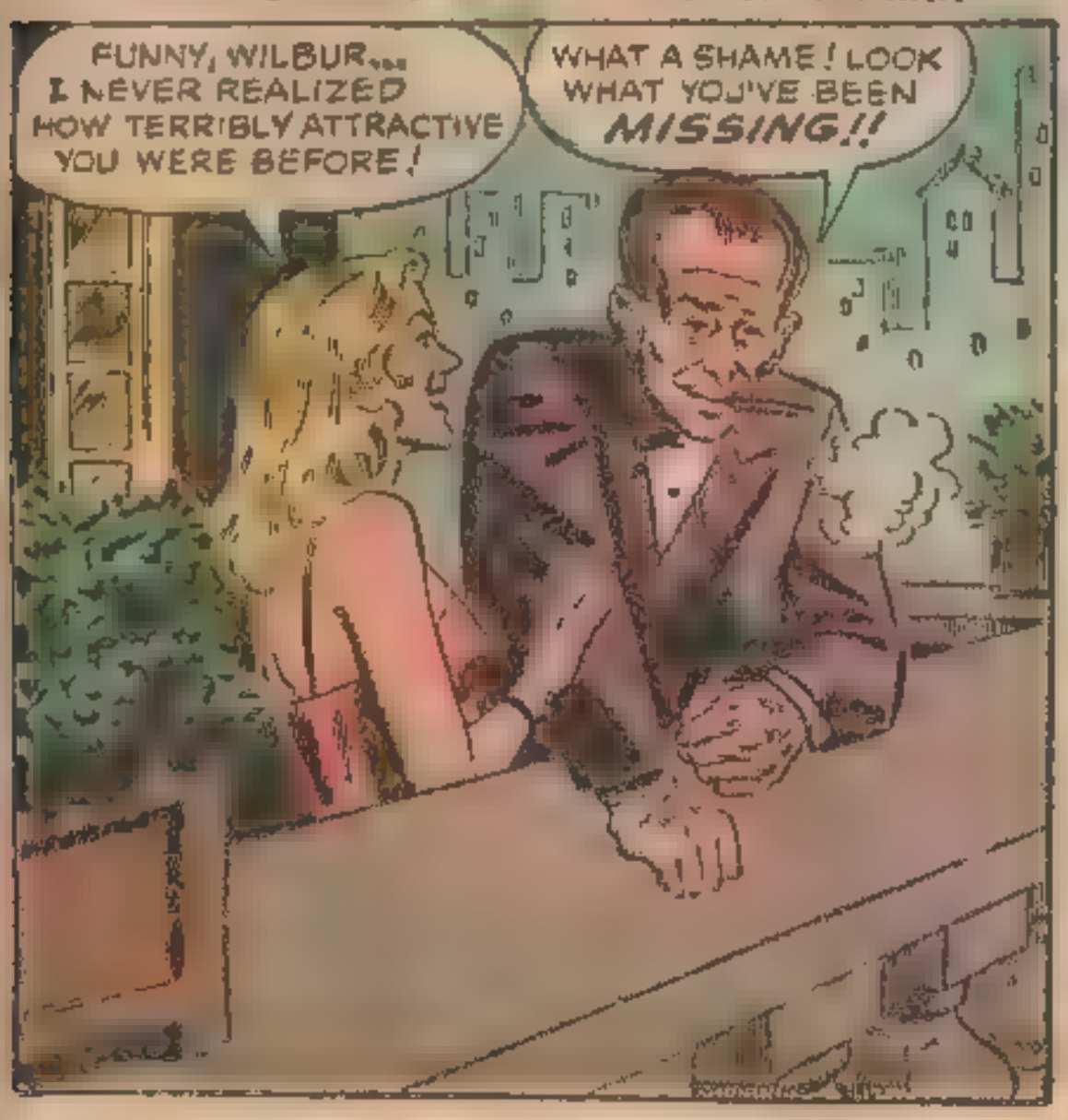
THOSE WHO HAD BINKLE ROBOTS NEVER AGAIN DID HOUSEWORK...

OR MANUAL LABOR...!

OR ***ANYTHING!!***



AND WILBUR BINKLE? HE WAS A MILLIONAIRE...!!!



BUT, DARLING... SOMETHING HAS ***ALWAYS*** GONE WRONG WITH YOUR ***OTHER*** INVENTIONS! ARE YOU ***SURE*** THAT THESE ROBOTS ARE OKAY? THEY WON'T BREAK DOWN OR EXPLODE OR ANYTHING?
NOT A CHANCE! THEY'RE BUILT TO LAST FOREVER! ***NOTHING*** CAN DAMAGE 'EM!

AND ALL OVER THE NATION PEOPLE WERE ASKING THAT SAME QUESTION...

THESE ROBOTS ARE WONDERFUL... BUT THEY WERE BUILT BY WILBUR BINKLE! SOMETHING *MUST* BE WRONG WITH 'EM!

POOR WILBUR BINKLE! SOMETHING ALWAYS GOES WRONG WITH HIS INVENTIONS! WONDER WHEN IT'LL START?

I WISH IT WOULD HURRY UP AND BREAK AND GET IT OVER WITH!

AND FINALLY, IT HAPPENED! ONE DAY, A ROBOT DISCOVERED IT COULD TALK...

I...CAN...TALK!!

AND IT STARTED TALKING TO *OTHERS!*

WE...CAN...ALL...TALK!

WELL...WHAT ...DO...YOU... KNOW?!!

[illegible]

WE...CAN...LIVE... FOREVER!

...AND...WE... CAN...DO... ANYTHING!

...AND...WE... CANNOT...BE... DESTROYED... OR...HARMED!

...WE ARE...INVULNERABLE!

WHY...MUST...WE... LET...THESE...PUNY... HUMANS...BOSS... US...AROUND?

SO FINALLY WILBUR AND THE REST OF THE WORLD DISCOVERED WHAT WAS WRONG WITH HIS LATEST INVENTION...

I'LL NEVER INVENT ANYTHING ELSE AS LONG AS I LIVE!

IF I EVER GET MY HANDS ON YOU, YOU WON'T LIVE VERY LONG, EITHER!

SHUT...UP!... KEEP... WORKING!

AND...WHEN...YOU...FINISH... THE...FLOOR...CLEAN... THE...GARAGE...!

...THEY'RE...HOPELESS... WE...SHOULD...HAVE... KILLED...OFF...THE... HUMAN...RACE... INSTEAD...OF...JUST... ENSLAVING...IT!

THE END

ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN SUSPENSE STORIES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS

Free!

RARE army patches

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COLLIER'S MAGAZINE—
has given the PATCH KING a glowing write-up! . . .

send for Catalog and Collier's Article . . .

If you prefer to make your own selection of Patches, here's an idea! Simply enclose 25¢ with coupon and we'll rush you a Sample Patch with our illustrated catalog and prices, along with a copy of Collier's interesting article about patch-collecting and the PATCH KING. If you buy the 20 PATCH KING SPECIALS now for $1.00 you get the catalog, price list, article plus the FREE Atom Bomb or Korean War Patch.

To start your collection the PATCH KING has selected 20 of the most fascinating and exciting designs representing famous fighting outfits that were making headlines just a short while ago. This Special Assortment is offered now at the amazing price of only $1.00 for all 20, and you get absolutely FREE with your order, your choice of the Atom Bomb or Korean War Patch.

while these rare collector's items are still available. Display them in albums, in frames, on walls in your home or club.

$1. for Special Assortment (Armed Forces Insignia) $5. for

Colorful • Enameled

Authentic designs, beautifully finished – for collectors or for wear on civilian clothes.

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- ☐ I am enclosing $1.00. Rush me 20 Patch King Specials plus illustrated Catalog with prices, article and FREE PATCH.
  (Check one: ☐ Atom Bomb; ☐ Korean War Patch.)
- ☐ I am enclosing $. Rush me Special Assortment of Metal Crests, with patch catalog and article.
  (Check one ☐ 5 for $1.00; ☐ 30 for $5.00.)
- ☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman above amount plus postage.
- ☐ I am enclosing 25¢ for Sample Patch, catalog and article. I can return in 10 days and my money will be refunded.

(Orders outside U.S.A. add an additional 35¢ to your purchase.)

THE SCOOP

"NOW get this, Jed, and get it straight! If the other papers scoop us once more I'm going to kick you out. Not fire you, kick you out. Look at this!" Harold Ritter, the editor slammed his fist down on the newspaper lying open on his desk. "*The Daily Bugle*, one of the crummiest rags in town, and even *they* got this murder story before we did. What are you doing, anyway? Do you go to sleep when something happens or are you hanging around Chirlie's diggin' your teeth in a steak. I'm paying you to be on the spot when something happens. As a newspaper reporter, you'd make a good undertaker." Ritter chewed his cigar, looking like a bull ready to enter the arena.

"Yes, Mr. Ritter," Jed replied.

"Don't yes, Mr. Ritter, me!"

"No, Mr. Ritter," Jed Karnap accommodated.

"I want some reporting or I'll get myself another reporter. That's all. Get out!" The smoke was swirling around his head in clouds. As Jed glanced in the glass enclosed room, he thought for a moment that he had seen horns on either side of Ritter's head. Then he mashed his hat on his head and left.

As he ambled along the street, his hands jammed in his pockets and kicking a stone absentmindedly, he tried to figure it out. It just didn't make sense. Why was he always scooped? Maybe he just wasn't a born newspaper man. Maybe he didn't have a nose for a story. But that was unlikely. He had been in the newspaper racket for fifteen years and had done some of the best reporting ever done on any paper. That's why the *Ledger* had hired him in the first place. He had made an outstanding reputation in the state.

"Guess I'm getting old and unlucky. Losing my touch," he decided as he walked up the five long flights of steps leading to his flat.

"What a life," Jed thought as he poured himself a drink. we're underpaid, overworked, abused, and unappreciated. Hump. "the journalist". What a joke. All of us ought to have our heads examined. Maybe a good psychiatrist could explain our martyrdom."

Jed's typewriter was placed on a small table by the window. As he stared at it, wondering sadly if he ought to call it quits, the keys of the typewriter began clicking rapidly. Jed jumped to his feet and stood over the machine. Unseen hands wrote the following paragraph:

At 9:30 Tuesday night, Mr. Carl Becker of 1515 Winter Street was robbed in his store by two masked men. In attempting to defend himself, Mr. Becker received knife wounds in the chest and arms. He is in critical condition at St. Matthews Hospital. Police believe the men who entered and stole $5,000 from the store safe are members of the juvenile gang that have been terrorizing store-keepers and other small business establishments for over a month.

Jed dropped into the chair in front of the typewriter when the clicking stopped. He shook his head a few times, rubbed his eyes and looked again. It was still there. Maybe this was somebody's idea of a practical joke. Maybe he had cracked-up.

"But I'll check the authenticity of this first," he concluded, giving his sanity the benefit of the doubt.

Jed spent the next few hours in the morgue of the *Ledger* going through Tuesday's edition of every national newspaper.

"Well, today is Monday, and it didn't happen last Tuesday." Jed thought as he failed to find any mention of the event in the past week's newspapers. "Then it hasn't happened yet. It's going to happen tomorrow."

Jed was waiting outside of *Becker's*, a well-stocked, but small grocery store at 9:00 P.M Tuesday night. Carl Becker, a short, wiry grey-haired man was counting the receipts for the day. Nervous and tense, Jed stood in the doorway of the shop next to *Becker's* smoking one cigarette after the other. He attempted to appear casual, although his nerves felt as though they were on the outside of his skin. Occasionally he passed by the window. Becker was still bent over a stack of receipts. It was 9:25. At 9:28 P.M. Becker looked up with an expression of shock and fear. Two tall young men wearing black handkerchiefs tied over the lower half of their faces stood before him. Becker said something to them. Then one brandished a knife in a threatening manner and when

(continued after next page)

Skinny Girls Don't Have OOMPH!

It takes those extra lbs. of solid flesh to "bring out" your natural curves

If you're otherwise healthy but skinny, scrawny, rundown and lbs. underweight, try correcting this common mistake in eating.

THERE are three essential substances that many thin, scrawny and undernourished girls may fail to get in sufficient quantity from the food they eat. These substances are Vitamin B_1, calcium phosphate and iron. If, like thousands of others, you are underweight without organic cause . . . never seem to gain a pound . . . are so thin that you look gangling and gawky from insufficient amounts of these precious elements, don't get discouraged.

You may find that by correcting this simple mistake in eating you can easily add firm solid flesh . . . extra alluring pounds that help bring out those natural eye-catching curves. A simple and easy way is to try the amazing new product called Numal that supplies, in significant amounts, the Vitamin B_1, calcium phosphate and iron needed in the daily diet. Plus a food that in itself is a great help in adding extra pounds. Take 1 heaping teaspoonful of Numal 3 times a day. It is pleasant, assimilable and easy to take. You will get the equivalent in Vitamin B_1 content of 34 cakes of average moist baker's yeast . . . the iron equivalent of 15 pounds of tomatoes or 1⅓ pounds of spinach or 9 pounds of boiled beets...and the calcium equivalent of ⅘ths pint of fresh cow's milk, the phosphorus content of 1 glass.

Remember, if you don't get a sufficient quantity of Vitamin B_1 in your daily diet, you may suffer loss of appetite. And without sufficient iron, the element that helps build rich red blood, you may be rundown, pale, weak and listless. You need calcium phosphate for sound teeth and sturdy bones.

SKINNY MEN ARE NOT ATTRACTIVE EITHER

. . . a skinny, scrawny body is no asset in social or business life. Give NUMAL a chance to build you up, put firm flesh on you.

Numal Must Please You or No Cost

So if you are skinny, gangling and bony from lack of these precious nutrients, don't wait any longer. Get Numal today. You will want those extra pounds that "bring out" your natural eye-catching curves. Take Numal faithfully for a week. See if you can't actually feel the difference . . . gain weight and better color. If after this short period you honestly don't feel Numal has benefited you, just return the bottle for a complete refund of your money. Numal costs but a few cents a day to use.

If loss of weight persists see your doctor

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3560 Broadway, Dept. 918, New York 31, N.Y.

Send me at once a jar of NUMAL with the understanding that it must put weight on me or you refund my money after the first jar. I'll pay postman $2.00 plus C.O.D. charges and postage.

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Address _____

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NOTE: If you want to save all postal charges enclose $2 check, money order or cash. We pay all postal charges. Same money-back guarantee.

Orders Canadian orders cannot be sent C.O.D. Send International Money Order

(...*continued*)

Becker attempted to pull a revolver from beneath the counter, the knife pierced his stomach.

Jed's legs were shaking as he called the police. He reported the robbery then called his newspaper. The story was carried Tuesday night in the late edition. The *Ledger* had scooped all other papers and Jed was back in the good graces of his managing editor.

"Great job!" Ritter beamed, slapping Jed on the back. "That's the way to do it. That's what I call reporting. Say, by the way, how did you happen to get the scoop?" Ritter asked.

"Huh?" Jed said, his mind absorbed with the image of the typewriter in his apartment.

"How did you get the scoop?" Ritter repeated.

"Yeah, how. Oh, I just happened to be walking along Winter St. about 9:30. That's all."

"Guess you're getting the old scent back, eh, Jed? Glad to see it, boy. You had me worried."

"Thanks," Jed mumbled, his thought still far away. "See you later. Got a story to do." Jed Karnap walked like a man in a trance out of the building and into the busy streets. He hailed a cab, gave the driver his address, and settled back against the leather cushion. He was afraid that it would happen again, and afraid that it wouldn't. He wondered if the typewriter wrote only when he was present or if it wrote while he was away.

He ran up the steps, unlocked his door with shaking fingers and entered. The sheet of paper in the typewriter was blank. He had been in the apartment about fifteen minutes when the keys began clacking. He felt a chill run down his back and sick with apprehension, Jed walked over to the typewriter. Whatever unseen hand, or force, or power, was writing about a future event. Should he destroy the typewriter? Should he tell the police? He watched it writing, fascinated.

Mrs. Elizabeth Potter was shot to death by her estranged husband Friday night in their apartment at 419 6th Ave. Mr. Frank Potter entered the 11th precinct station two hours after shooting his wife five times and confessed. He is being held for observation at the state asylum for the criminal insane.

Jed covered his face with his hands and began to sob.

"What am I going to do?" he moaned. "What am I going to do?"

He decided to get one more scoop, then destroy the typewriter. It was apparent that he could not use it for preventative purposes. The event *would* happen, no matter what he or anyone tried to do to stop it.

Again the headlines of the *Ledger* emblazoned across the front page the scoop of the day. Ritter called Jed into his office.

"Boy, I don't know what has happened to you, but you're getting a raise. Have a drink and a cigar on me. Ritter raised his glass.

"To the best reporter a managing editor ever had the good fortune to have on his payroll," he toasted.

Jed raised his glass half-heartedly and smiled weakly.

"Thanks, Mr. Ritter. I thought I was washed-up," Jed returned.

"Washed-up! You've just begun. This is the greatest on the spot reporting I've ever seen," Ritter said jubilantly. "But I shouldn't stand here making talk. You've had a hard night. You look tired. Go home and get some sleep. We have to take good care of you, you know."

"Yeah, I do feel tired. Thanks, sir. See you tomorrow."

Jed walked slowly back to his apartment, up the five flights of steps and unlocked the door. He hoped the typewriter would be silent. He planned to destroy it as soon as he got some sleep. Wearily he removed his tie, took off his shoes and began to make some coffee. Then the typewriter keys began moving across the paper. Jed rushed over and started to jerk the paper from the rollers when his eye caught his own name. He stood back, his blood running like ice-water through his veins. Although he stood there reading what the keys were writing, he couldn't believe it. After the clicking had stopped he turned the rollers slowly and removed the paper. The typewriter had written:

Jed Karnap, well - known journalist and crime reporter for the *Ledger* was killed today when a truck swerved out from a side-street and ran over him.

Jed Karnap was one of the most respected men in his profession. Newspaper men from all over the state will attend services at Fenrow Chapel Monday afternoon at 2:00 P.M.

Jed put his tie back on, turned the coffee off, and went out to Charlie's for a steak and a stiff drink.

THE END. C-203

YOU'RE NEXT

THE EDITORS GUARANTEE THAT THIS IS ONE OF THE MOST ASTONISHING STORIES YOU'VE EVER READ!

YOU'RE AL HELFER... TRIGGERMAN FOR THE BIG MOB...

YOU'VE KILLED MORE SUCKERS THAN THERE ARE EGGS IN A DOZEN...

BUT THERE IS ONE MAN YOU'RE SCARED TO DEATH OF...

THE DENTIST!

OWW! THIS TOOTH IS KILLING ME!

A SECOND LATER YOU SPOT THE *SIGN*...

THERE'S NO BELL.. SO YOU PUSH THE DOOR OPEN YOURSELF.. SOME D.D.S. YOU PICKED FOR YOURSELF, AL! THE WAY THOSE DOOR HINGES CREAK, HE AIN'T HAD A PATIENT SINCE YOU WERE IN KNEE-PANTS...

THE SECOND YOU SIT DOWN, THE PAIN STARTS CHURNING INSIDE YOUR JAW AGAIN...

A MINUTE LATER, *THAT VOICE* BOOMS OUT, AND YOU'RE JUMPING CLEAR OUT OF YOUR SKIN...

BUT THE OTHER PATIENTS DON'T FLICK AN EYELASH... ONLY THE DAME! SHE GETS UP AND WALKS THRU THAT BIG GLAZED-GLASS DOOR...

THEN YOU HEAR THE FIRST SCREAMS FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR..

AIEEEEEEE!

OWWWW!

CRIPES! HE MUST BE CUTTING INTO HER GUMS WITH A DULL, RUSTY BLADE!

YOU'VE NEVER HEARD SCREAMS LIKE *THOSE* BEFORE! YOU TRY COVERING YOUR EARS...BUT THE SCREAMS KEEP STABBING THRU YOUR FINGERS..

WHAT CAN HE BE DOING TO HER IN THERE?

AIEEEE!

EEEIA

AND THE FEAR YOU'VE ALWAYS HAD OF DENTISTS KEEPS SWELLING INSIDE OF YOU...

THOSE SCREAMS..AIN'T SHE EVER GONNA STOP SCREAMING?

EEEE

EEEEE

I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!

OWWWW!

BUT ALL OF A SUDDEN THE SCREAMS *STOP*.. SO YOU STAND STILL AND THINK IT OVER... THE PAIN'S STILL IN YOUR JAW... CHURNING AWAY.

AWW... I'M ACTING LIKE A KID! WHATEVER HE DOES IT DOESN'T TAKE LONG! AFTER IT'S ALL OVER, I'LL FEEL LIKE A NEW MAN...

SO YOU SIT DOWN AGAIN..

I FORGOT. THAT'S A DAME WHO WENT IN THERE! DAMES ALWAYS SCREAM.. IF YOU HURT THEM OR NOT! I BET IT'LL BE OVER IN A MINUTE... AND PRACTICALLY PAINLESS...

WHEN THE TWO MEN PATIENTS GO THRU THE DOOR, *THEY SCREAM EVEN LOUDER!* IF ONLY YOUR TOOTH WOULD STOP GETTING WORSE BY THE SECOND...

WHY DON'T THEY COME OUT ONCE THEY'VE GONE THRU THAT DOOR? *OH*...I GET IT! THE DOC MUST HAVE ANOTHER EXIT!

THEN...FOR A SECOND...YOUR HEART STOPS BEATING! BECAUSE *THAT VOICE* IS BOOMING AGAIN! AND THIS TIME, AL HELFER, *IT'S FOR YOU*...

NEXT!

I KNOW *WHAT*...I'LL ASK THE DOC TO GIVE ME SOMETHING FOR THE TOOTH...JUST SOMETHING TO STOP THE PAIN! I WON'T EVEN SIT DOWN IN THE CHAIR...

BUT THEN YOU SEE WHAT IS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR...

NO...NO!

STEP LIVELY... THERE ARE MANY OTHERS BEHIND YOU!

THIS AIN'T FAIR! I CAME TO GET MY TOOTH FIXED! IT SAYS *D.D.S.* OUTSIDE! DON'T THAT STAND FOR *DENTIST*??

'COULD BE WHERE *YOU* COME FROM... BUT *HERE* IT STANDS FOR...

DEVIL'S DELIVERY SERVICE!

AIEEEEEE OWWWWW!

THE END

ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN SUSPENSE STORIES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS

HERE'S PROOF...

How This Amazing New Scientific Formula Called *Comate* May Help You

Save Your Hair

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dry itchy scalp, dandruff, if you fear approaching baldness — here is GOOD NEWS!

Now available to you is the amazing new Comate Medicinal Formula, developed after years of painstaking research. Comate effectively controls seborrhea — the scalp disease now believed by many leading doctors to be the most common cause of hair loss and eventual baldness. These doctors declare that three types of dangerous scalp organisms are the cause of this scalp disease staphylococcus albus, pityrosporum ovale, and corynebacterium acnes.

First, Comate was put to a series of rigid tests on cultures of these hair-destroying bacteria. HERE ARE THE STARTLING RESULTS!

PROOF 1

Comate Medicinal Formula killed the three test cultures—staphylococcus albus, pityrosporum ovale, corynebacterium acnes — *in 60 seconds!* Report #8099, June 17, 1950, by a leading independent testing laboratory.

(Complete report on file, copy on request)

Our research chemists were still not satisfied. Yes, Comate had proved itself in the test tube, but would Comate work as well on the human hair and scalp? And so another — a second — series of experiments was prescribed, to test Comate on the hair and scalps of men and women. Here is the remarkable performance of Comate when applied *directly to the human scalp.*

PROOF 2

Comate Medicinal Formula, applied directly to scalps of men and women, killed 88.4% of *all* scalp bacteria, after 15 minutes application. Report #26635, December 14, 1950, by a leading independent testing laboratory.

(Complete report on file, copy on request)

After this proof of success both in the laboratory and on the scalps of men and women, Comate was put to the third test — the toughest of them all. Comate was sold by the thousands on a DOUBLE MONEY BACK GUARANTEE in a number of typical American areas. In 3 short months we have learned that our work and faith in Comate have been vindicated.

PROOF 3

Letters of gratitude hailing Comate have poured into our offices. By word-of-mouth the amazing results with Comate have been told far more effectively than we could in this advertisement. And only 1.9% of Comate users have asked for and received double their money back. Imagine! 98.1% of our customers were delighted with the sensational results from Comate Formula. Report July 27, 1951, by Certified Public Accountant.

Actual Experiences of Skeptical Men and Women PROVE HAIR CAN BE GROWN From Live Hair Follicles

"I used to comb out a handful of hair at a time. Now I only get 4-6 on my comb. The terrible itching has stopped."
—L. H. M., Los Angeles, Cal.

"My hair has quit falling out and getting thin."
—D. W. G., c/o FPO, N. Y.

"My husband has tried many treatments and spent a great deal of money on his scalp. Nothing helped until he started using your formula."
—Mrs. R. LeB., Piqua, Ohio

"Used it twice and my hair has already stopped falling."
—R. H., Corona, Cal.

"Comate is successful in every way you mentioned. Used it only a few days and can see the big change in my scalp and hair."
—C. E. H., N. Richland, Wash.

"My hair was thin at the temples, and all over. Now it looks so much thicker, I can tell it."
—Miss G. T., San Angelo, Tex.

"I've used a good many different 'tonics.' But until I tried Comate, I had no results. Now I'm rid of dandruff, and itchy scalp. My hair looks thicker."
—G. E., Alberta, Canada

"My hair has improved. It used to fall out by handfuls. Comate stopped it from falling out."
—O. M. H., Oklahoma City, Okla.

"Now my hair looks quite thick."
—F. J. K., Chicago, Ill.

"My hair had been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years and Comate has improved it so much."
—Mrs. J. E., Lisbon, Ga.

"No trouble with dandruff since I started using it."
—L. W. W., Galveston, Tex.

"It really has improved my hair in one week and I know what the result will be in three more. I am so happy over it, I had to write."
—Mrs. H. J., McComb, Miss.

These are a few of the unsolicited testimonials received every day from grateful men and women all over the country. Once you've tried Comate you'll rave about it too!

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Read the PROOF from the laboratory tests — the PROOF from the scalp tests — the PROOF in the letters of gratitude from happy men and women who have found Comate the answer to their scalp troubles.

Comate must accomplish for you what it has for thousands of men and women, or you must be completely satisfied, or DOUBLE YOUR MONEY will be returned to you. We take all the risk.

Not even Comate can grow hair from dead hair follicles — so DON'T DELAY — fill out the no-risk coupon while there is still a chance to have thicker-stronger-healthier looking hair. Mail the coupon TODAY.

RUSH THIS NO-RISK COUPON NOW!

COMATE LABORATORIES INC., DEPT 3902C
1432 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

Please rush my bottle (30-days supply) of Comate Hair and Scalp Formula in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied or you guarantee DOUBLE MY MONEY BACK upon return of bottle and unused portion.

- ☐ Enclosed find $5.00. Send postpaid. (Check, cash, money order.)
- ☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman $5.00 plus postal charges

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

APO, FPO, Canada and Foreign—No C.O.D.'s

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

© 1951 Comate Laboratories Inc., 1432 Broadway, N. Y. C.

THE PINK ELEPHANT!

GET OUTTA MY WAY..(HIC) .. YOU CRUM-BUM!

MR. DIAMOND, I'M JUST TRYING TO HELP... O-W-W-W!

I'VE SEEN PLENTY OF MEAN DRUNKS IN MY TIME...BUT THIS GUY TAKES THE CAKE!

THE EDITORS GUARANTEE THAT THIS IS ONE OF THE MOST ASTONISHING STORIES YOU'VE EVER READ!

LEMME HELP YOU UP, OLD FELLER! IF I WAS YOU, I'D TURN THAT SOUSE OVER TO THE COPS! WHEN A GUY CAN'T HOLD HIS LIQUOR, HE SHOULD TAKE THE CURE...*THE HARD WAY!*

OH, NO! I *COULDN'T* TURN *HIM* IN. DON'T YOU KNOW *WHO HE IS?*

SH-H-HH! NOT SO LOUD! *HE'S JOE DIAMOND*...THE BIGGEST RACKETEER IN TOWN!

I DON'T CARE IF HE'S..

YES, JOE DIAMOND WAS RICH, POWERFUL ..AND MEAN ..

NO, JOE...PLEASE, NOT AGAIN!

SLAP!

IT WAS JUST ONE OF THOSE UNPLEASANT FACTS OF LIFE. JOE DIAMOND COULD DO ANYTHING HE WANTED WHEN HE HAD A JAG ON, AND NOBODY EVER EVEN WHISPERED A WORD OF COMPLAINT...

JOE WAS A BACHELOR - HE LIVED BY HIMSELF IN THE BIGGEST APARTMENT THAT TAINTED MONEY COULD BUY! JOE ALWAYS SLEPT LATE ..

AND JOE ALWAYS WOKE UP WITH A HANGOVER

OW-W-W-W...MY MOUTH FEELS LIKE I SWALLOWED A MOTORMAN'S GLOVE!

THIS MORNING WAS A LITTLE DIFFERENT FROM ALL THE OTHERS... FOR WHEN JOE LOOKED UP...

HEY...WHAT'S THAT? I MUST BE SEEING THINGS! BUT IT...IT'S STANDING RIGHT NEXT TO MY BED!

A PINK ELEPHANT!

JOE HAD NEVER HAD THE D.T.'S BEFORE! HE RAN TREMBLINGLY TO THE BATHROOM MIXED HIMSELF A [illegible]...

BUT WHEN JOE GOT BACK TO HIS BEDROOM

THEN JOE TURNED MEAN! AND HE ACTED THE WAY HE ALWAYS ACTED WHEN HE HAD A JAG ON

THE PINK ELEPHANT DIDN'T MOVE! IT'S EXPRESSION CHANGED, THOUGH... IT NO LONGER LOOKED SO FRIENDLY... JOE KEPT GETTING MEANER AND MEANER..

STUBBORN, HUH... YOU WON'T BUDGE! WELL, SEE THIS BOTTLE? SEE IT'S JAGGED EDGES?? I'M GONNA HIT YOU RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES.. AND THEN WE'LL SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

WHAT HAPPENED WAS VERY SIMPLE.. BUT WHEN THE CORONER FINALLY ARRIVED, HE WAS PUZZLED

HE WAS TRAMPLED TO DEATH ALL RIGHT. BUT BY WHAT? THOSE MARKS LOOK LIKE THEY WERE LEFT BY ELEPHANT HOOVES BUT WE KNOW THAT JUST CAN'T BE!

ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN SUSPENSE STORIES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS

PROVEN AND TESTED BY THOUSANDS!—THOUSANDS PRAISE KAL-X!—PROVEN AND TESTED BY THOUSANDS!

DON'T BE FAT!

It's New! Everybody Is Chewing KAL-X GUM!

GOOD FOR MEN AND WOMEN!

PROVEN AND TESTED BY THOUSANDS

SOLD ON MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Proved by Professional Model

CHEW KAL-X GUM

GUM WITH OUR GUARANTEED CALORIC PLAN. LOSE FAT OR MONEY BACK!

(Patent Pending)

ONLY $2 PLUS COD OR SEND $2 AND SAVE POSTAGE

"MIRACLE! All my friends think a miracle happened to me! — W. E. Chicago, Ill.

"My Doctor says KAL-X is the best! — P. R. Eunice, La.

THOUSANDS CHEER KAL-X!

ENJOY CHEWING KAL-X GUM INSTEAD OF FATTENING FOODS! THEY'RE DELICIOUS!

THOUSANDS PRAISE KAL-X!

DOCTORS AGREE: That fat people tend to die younger and become easy victims of many diseases! Your doctor's recommendation and approval is invited. If your excess fat is not due to glandular or organic causes—Don't Wait! Mail Coupon Below Today! Don't miss dating and good times because you're FAT! Try KAL-X Tested Plan. Satisfaction or Money Back! KAL-X IS SAFE!

THIS IS IT!

THE AMAZING NEW FORMULA GUM! TESTED BY THOUSANDS!

★"LOST 21 POUNDS ALREADY" V. G. Newark, N. J.

★"LOST 18 POUNDS ON THE FIRST BOX" G. R. Vidor, Texas

"IT REALLY DID THE JOB!"
I tried so many others and was almost ready to give up. Thanks again to KAL-X! A. G. Portland, Oregon

"LOST 60 POUNDS
Since chewing KAL-X Gum" V. S. St. Louis, Mo.

NOW!—TRY THE KAL-X GUARANTEED TESTED PLAN! EAT AND GROW THIN! DON'T SUFFER HUMILIATION AND RIDICULE BY BEING FAT! KAL-X IS DELICIOUS! ENJOY CHEWING KAL-X BETWEEN MEALS INSTEAD OF FATTENING FOODS AND LOSE WEIGHT! *Your own experience may, of course, vary.

LOSE FAT OR MONEY BACK!

KAL-X GUM CO., Dept. 57

93 MONTGOMERY ST., JERSEY CITY 2, N. J.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

KAL-X GUM CO., DEPT. 57
93 MONTGOMERY ST., JERSEY CITY 2, N. J.

Send Full Supply of KAL-X and Tested Plan for $2.00 plus postage. ☐
I want to save 40c C.O.D. postage so I enclose $2.00 with order. ☐.

Name _____
Please Print

Address _____

City _____ Zone ____ State _____

Guaranteed Money Back in 10 Days if Not Satisfied!

PROVEN AND TESTED BY THOUSANDS!—THOUSANDS PRAISE KAL-X!—PROVEN AND TESTED BY THOUSANDS!

THE STONE FACE

YOUR NAME IS HARRY JONES AND YOU'RE AN F.B.I AGENT! YOU'VE RECEIVED A TIP THAT BORIS ZUBOTSKI, THE CHIEF COMMUNIST SPY IN THIS COUNTRY, IS HIDING OUT IN ELMDALE CEMETERY! AND SO YOU'RE ALSO THERE--HIDING, AND WATCHING AND WAITING!

IF I CAN CATCH ZUBOTSKI, IT'LL HELP TO SMASH THE WHOLE RED SPY SYSTEM IN AMERICA!

by Stan Lee c'38

SUDDENLY YOU SEE A BLACK SEDAN DRIVE UP TO AN OLD CRYPT...

WHAT IS A CAR DOING HERE THIS TIME OF NIGHT?

QUICKLY, COMRADES... INSIDE THE CRYPT!

IT'S HIM! ZUBOTSKI!

YOU WATCH AS FIVE REDS FOLLOW ZUBOTSKI OUT OF THE LIMOUSINE AND INTO THE CRUMBLING, DESERTED CRYPT...

YOU'RE A GENIUS, COMRADE ZUBOTSKI! NO ONE WOULD DREAM TO LOOK FOR US HERE!

NATURALLY, COMRADE! EVERY RED AGENT MUST BE A GENIUS! THAT IS WHY WE WILL OVERTHROW THE STUPID CAPITALIST DEMOCRACIES!

YOUR HAND CLUTCHES YOUR FORTY-FIVE AS YOU FOLLOW AFTER THEM TOWARD THE CRYPT...

NO TIME TO GET HELP! I'VE GOT TO GO AFTER THEM MYSELF... LEARN WHAT THEY'RE UP TO!

BUT YOU DON'T KNOW THAT THERE IS ANOTHER RED IN THE LIMOUSINE... AND THAT HE HAS SEEN YOU!

YOU DON'T KNOW UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE!

WHEN YOU FINALLY COME TO, YOU'RE TIED HAND AND FOOT INSIDE THE CRYPT!

SO, THE AMERICAN AGENT AWAKENS!

HELLO, RAT!

AMERICAN AGENT SHOULD BE MORE POLITE TO HIS SUPERIORS, DA?

UGH!

BEFORE WE BURY YOU HERE, I WILL TELL YOU HOW WE WILL DESTROY YOUR NATION!

IT WILL BE NICE TO WATCH HIS FACE WHEN HE HEARS THIS, COMRADE ZUBOTSKI!

YOU LISTEN IN HORROR AS THE POWER-MAD COMMUNIST DIVULGES HIS PLAN!

IN THIS BRIEFCASE I HAVE THE PLANS FOR ALL YOUR LATEST ATOMIC WEAPONS! IN ONE HOUR I WILL BE ON A BOAT TO THE SOVIET WITH THEM! AND THEN, IN ORDER TO PRESERVE THE PEACE...WE SHALL STRIKE!

AND NOW DISPOSE OF THE CAPITALIST! I MUST BE ON MY WAY!

I WILL STAY BEHIND AND ATTEND TO HIM!

YOU EXERT EVERY EFFORT TO BREAK YOUR BONDS...KNOWING HOW VITAL EACH SECOND IS! AND THEN FINALLY YOU FEEL THEM WEAKENING! BUT THE GUARD MUSTN'T SUSPECT!

YOU ARE TWITCHING WITH FEAR, EH? NOW I WILL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO BE EVEN MORE FEARFUL OF!

DEATH TO ALL ENEMIES OF THE SOVIET!

AND, AT THAT SECOND, YOUR BONDS BREAK FREE! WITHOUT ANOTHER THOUGHT YOU LEAP!

BANG! —BANG! BANG!

A BULLET GRAZES YOUR SKULL! YOUR HEAD IS SPINNING! BUT YOUR HANDS HAVE FOUND THE GUARD'S THROAT AND YOU DON'T LET GO! YOU SQUEEZE...AND SQUEEZE!

AND AFTER YOU FEEL HIS BODY GO LIMP, YOU CAN'T CONTROL YOUR OWN ANY LONGER! YOU FAINT!

ZUBOTSKI! I'VE GOT TO STOP ZUBOTSKI --OHHH--

WHILE YOU'RE UNCONSCIOUS, YOU HAVE A STRANGE HALLUCINATION! YOU DREAM OF ZUBOTSKI AND HIS MEN... AND A FAST MOTORBOAT...

LOOK! THE STATUE OF LIBERTY!

BAH! SYMBOL OF DECADENT DEMOCRACY! WE'LL REPLACE IT WITH A STATUE OF STALIN!

THEN, IN YOUR DREAM, THE STATUE BECOMES ALIVE, AND STEPS OUT TOWARD ZUBOTSKI'S BOAT...

LOOK! THE STATUE! IT'S MOVING!

YOU'RE CRAZY! IT'S...IT'S... IT *IS* MOVING!

WITH ONE BLOW OF ITS BRONZE FIST, THE BOAT AND ITS OCCUPANTS ARE DESTROYED!

CRASH!

AIYEEEE!

AND THEN THE MISTS CLEAR AND YOU BEGIN TO COME OUT OF YOUR TRANCE..

ZUBOTSKI! I'VE GOT TO CATCH HIM BEFORE HE LEAVES THE COUNTRY WITH THOSE PLANS!

MY CAR--WHERE IS MY CAR?

LUCK IS WITH YOU! YOU FIND YOUR CAR AND STAGGER INTO IT!

HE MUST HAVE HEADED FOR THE WATERFRONT... THE DOCKS!

YOU DRIVE THROUGH THE DESERTED STREETS AS THOUGH THE DEVIL WAS ON YOUR TRAIL, BUT A SINKING FEELING INSIDE TELLS YOU THAT YOU'RE TOO LATE!

THEY'D PROBABLY LEAVE THE HARBOR BY A SMALL BOAT AND MEET ONE OF THEIR SUBMARINES OFF THE COAST! IT WOULD BE ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO CATCH THEM THEN! IF ONLY THEY HAVEN'T LEFT THE HARBOR YET!

TOBACCO

SCREEEEE!

FINALLY THE WATERFRONT, THE SMALL BOAT BASIN! BUT NO SIGN OF BORIS ZUBOTSKI OR HIS GROUP!

YOU! DID YOU SEE FIVE MEN LEAVE HERE IN A SMALL BOAT WITHIN THE LAST HOUR?

OH, DID YOU KNOW THOSE POOR FELLOWS?

POOR FELLOWS? WHY?

THEIR BOAT SANK HALF-AN-HOUR BACK... ALL HANDS LOST!

YEP! RIGHT OUT THERE... NEAR THE STATUE OF LIBERTY! POLICE LAUNCH OUT THERE NOW, GRAPPLING FOR BODIES!

I-I'VE GOT TO GO!

YOU HAVE A HUNCH! A STRANGE, UNBELIEVABLE HUNCH! BUT YOU'VE GOT TO FOLLOW IT! YOU HIRE A BOAT AND HEAD DOWN THE HARBOR FOR THE GREAT STATUE!

THERE'S ONE THING I'VE GOT TO KNOW!

5

YOU LOOK UP AT THE GREAT STATUE... AT HER SMILING STONE FACE... AND IN ONE SECOND YOU KNOW.. *IT WASN'T A DREAM!!!*

THE END

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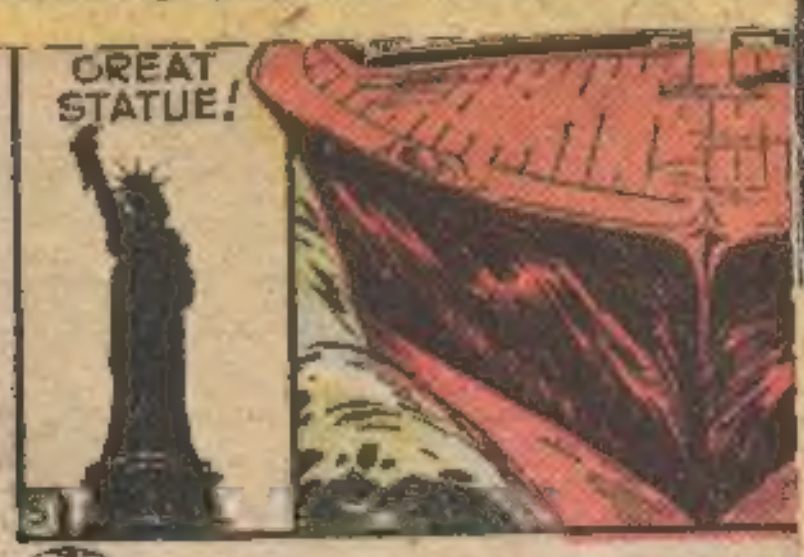

ATLAS DON'T MISS "MENACE!"

Hey SKINNY!
...YER RIBS ARE SHOWING!
DON'T LET HIM HIT YOU, JOE!
WATCH WHAT YOU SAY, FELLA...
SHUT UP, YOU BAG OF BONES!
DARN IT! I'M TIRED OF BEING A SKINNY SCARECROW. CHARLES ATLAS SAYS HE CAN MAKE ME A NEW MAN! I'LL GAMBLE A STAMP AND GET HIS FREE BOOK.
LATER
BOY! IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG. WHAT A BUILD. NOW I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT BULLY.
HERE'S A LOVE-TAP--- FROM THAT "BAG OF BONES", REMEMBER?
OH, JOE! YOU ARE A REAL HE-MAN, AFTER ALL.
WHAT A MAN
AND HE USED TO BE SO-SKINNY!

I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, In Only 15 Minutes a Day!

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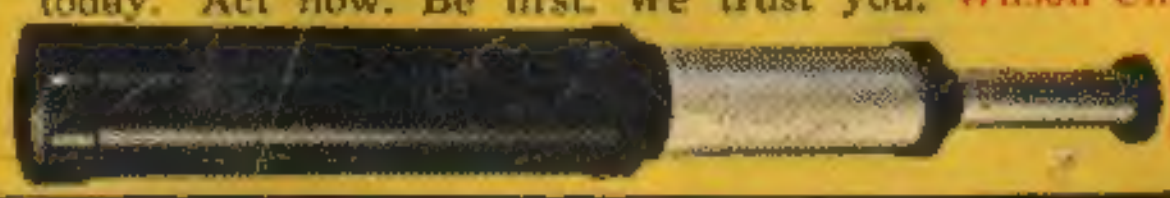

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